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War and the Garden

Dahlias—The Lath House—The Gardens

Swat the Rat

Joining the Dahlia Club

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How about it my readers are there this fifty with one dollar's worth of appreciation? So much may be said but the advancer of the money particularly asks that no personal solicitation shall be made and the subscriptions limited to a dollar. Subscriptions may be sent or taken to the office of the magazine at The Elite Printing Co., 945 Seventh St., San Diego, and they will be acknowledged in the December number.

This matter leaked out a little and the following insisted on subscribing:

R. F. Paine, Lyman J. Gage.
E. O. Hodge, A. D. Robinson.

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The California Garden

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War Breeds Garden Intimacy

IF the popular stories of a people fairly reflect their feelings there is every reason to suppose that the Garden in England in spite of war conditions is as much of a feature as ever, in support of which statement we refer to those popular books Wells' "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through" and Lock's "Red Planet." In both these the action is very often in the garden and in the latter we read of roses for exhibition being carefully done up in paper bags. And why not?

The war is sifting from the infinite activities of today the essentials and perhaps we shall be surprised to find among them things we aforetime regarded with good natured tolerance as being amusing to children, Chinamen, Indians and the rest of that excepted crew.

It is not unlikely that gardens will undergo considerable change because of the war. There may grow a greater intimacy between a man and his garden. Gardens will cease to be measured by so many gardeners at such and such wages or so big fertilizer and water bills and will be elevated to the position of a friend, one to go to with joys and sorrows where all the vast mass of make-believe can be shed and the real man find the sunshine.

The war is not killing romance and sentiment. Can these be essentials? What a cheering thought that the cannon which treats concrete with scorn does not touch these two.

After a silence of ten years a brother of ours sent a letter from Australia. This fact is not mentioned as being of itself anything worthy of record, but because it bears on our sentimental subject. One page was an excuse for the protracted silence, another news of a son in the army in France and the other two about—well we will quote it. It is dated Perth, West Australia, "The country is magnificent, the wildflowers in this state are wonderful, beautiful little orchids and a marvellous variety of pea flowers and creepers. The Bush stretches away(further than I have been a good many miles) from my back door and is bordered on one side by the Pacific. You must know that the word Bush is used here to designate any untouched forest land. It is still in a state of nature, unspoilt by man. I have seen trees in the bush in Gippsland, hundreds of them between 200 and 300 feet high (GUMS) a hollow one was used for the district church services. I spend all my Sundays butterfly hunting in this bush."

This war is going to bring together hundreds of folks whose hearts yearn to one another, but whose lips will say, "It is very fine weather for the time of year." The happy and fortunate ones will perhaps meet in the garden and in mutual admiration of a rose, let us say, the husk of custom will crack and open and the kernel of mutual regard have a chance.

Out here we have not the garden party habit and it is a pity. Perhaps the chief reason is that very few of our gardens are suited to this use. We have built them to make the most show in the least time so that the visitor can be quickly overwhelmed with the glories." Let us go round the garden," says the host, and a precession starts and keeps moving along a customary track. Should a visitor wander from the ranks such a one is quickly shooed back and made to understand that it is a personnally conducted tour. Before the fire in San Francisco there was an exhibit in Chinatown, an old man pointed out with a stick hypothetic figures and scenes in a piece of streaked marble. Dozens of times a day he went through his program, many times we heard it and it was horribly unchanged, yet the only thing remaining in our memory was, "Lady here", as the stick indicated a few

wiggly lines. Perhaps it would be unfair to insist upon a parallel, but there is a suspicion of similarity.

Another thing militating against the garden party is our objection or inability to simply enjoy the absorption of an atmosphere. To take off the part of an afternoon just to sit in a garden is almost unthinkable, if we have an afternoon off let us get as far away from home as possible.

But the final blow is a want of the afternoon tea habit. In how many gardens in San Diego during the year is afternoon tea served and in how many in England is the ritual neglected?

We are not criticising any one or anything, it is our job to keep ventilating garden matters; you have a garden party and drink afternoon tea or not, just as you like, and it is all one to us, but we like both of them.

The DAHLIA

By A. D. ROBINSON

I HAD intended to shut up about the dahlia for a few months, but I cannot do it, for from every quarter comes dahlia news and inquiries. The Eastern florist papers are full of dahlia shows and in that territory its value as a cut flower is fully established to be added to its immense virtue as a growing ornament in the garden. In my own garden during October the dahlias have been the one bright spot, furnishing practically all the color and being culled almost daily for house decoration.

A note in the Eastern reports says that there are rumors of some wonderful varieties that will soon be on the market and to one who has raised any considerable number of seedlings the possibilities of the dahlia are almost infinite.

It is my desire to discuss now what should be the main objects in future development provided it can be directed, and the dahlia is so lavish in its diversity that selection alone will carry a painstaking grower very far along almost any road.

For the garden the bloom is only one feature and mere size is not of first importance. Most everybody knows that the huge blooms measuring almost a foot in diameter are the result of insistent disbudding and continuous fertilization and a bush so treated is not of primary decorative effect. It is apt to consist of three or four stalks supported by stakes and giving a weak-kneed, straggly effect. Nor do these pampered blooms make the best cut flowers, forcing being inimical to keeping qualities, but the cut flower side shall come after a while. As a basis for argument let us say that the prime requisites in a garden variety should be form applied to the whole plant, color and lasting quality. Form does not go with large, heavy blooms. They drag the bush to pieces, making it sag and are quite unable to stand against heavy wind or rain. The peony types are generally fragile, borne upon long, slender stems, but their foliage is apt to be particularly pleasing and aside from their fragility they are good in the garden. The smaller cactus types are of the very best. Most of their stems are sturdy and the bushes not too growthy, but a lot of real beauties straggle. If I must give a preference it will go to the single cactus types and the smaller open singles and for these reasons, the blooms are not heavy enough to interfere with the proper development of the bush and further they are distributed all over the bush. They stand the elements better and being single when spent they drop all their petals and leave a neat seed pod that is not untidy if not removed. I am thinking now of a single cactus that I have always called Encore. It is a warm buff at the base, of the petals shading into pink and finishing with a white tip, and it blooms, and blooms, and blooms. Visitors on their first introduction are apt to be quite patronizing with Encore. They say, "Oh yes, it is pretty, but give me Doazon, or some other huge brazen thing," but the next time it is a more encouraging, "You know I kind of like that Encore after all," and at subsequent calls it is Encore they carry away, and in our house this season there have been more Encores in the vases than all other dahlias combined. In the matter of color for the garden, as to just what that may be, is of course for individual preference to decide, but the effect is not to be achieved by lumps of it set here and there in the green, but rather with a mixture of the color and green. I grew this year a single seedling that the Gods sent me. It has the color of Geisha intensified, but is only about three inches across, still it grows

branchingly and its brilliant blooms dot the whole bush with color, each bloom held away from the rather sparse foliage so that at a distance it seems as if a flock of butterflies hovered over the bed. This is what I consider color effect in garden bedding. As to lasting quality that in the garden is a matter of continuity of bloom and a natural disposal of spent bloom. I have dealt with this in referring to Encore, but I would instance further that with big blooms such as Doazon the old ones must be kept cut off or the bed will soon be shabby. I might here give some figures showing the extraordinary floriferousness (I don't find this word in the dictionary, but it ought to be) of the dahlia. After two days we removed 470 spent blooms from a bed of 49 Doazons and 478 from 47 Star-in-the-East. The date referred to was October 20, and these beds have been in bloom since July 1st, and this cutting off of spent blooms has been done on an average of three times a week all that time, but of course not in that number.

I am not slacking in my admiration of Doazon. The bed referred to and two others have been marvellous all this month, but many of the blooms have of their own weight broken stems and I must work for their gorgeousness while Encore smiles at me cheerily whether I work with it or not. This stem breaking did not occur till after I stopped disbudding.

For a cut flower we might take as requirements lasting quality, form and color and in my mind this is the order of their importance. The medium sized and small blooms are the keepers when cut. Minnie Burgle, the red, for seasons was quoted by florists as the best florists' dahlia. This keeping quality is to a large extent indicated by a stiff wiry stem and a certain thinness of petal. The luscious blooms with fleshy stems are to be avoided, but an actual test is the only sure way of finding out a particular variety's habit and one test will not be enough for the bloom that keeps one day, may wilt the next, and vice-versa.

Form is very important for house decoration. A perfectly gorgeous bloom may be useless because it will not arrange but in spite of everything stays a blob of color. Without a certain amount of stem decorative arrangement is difficult if not impossible and the big heavy blooms either won't stand on a stem or stand so stiffly that they defy all the deft touches that will make for effect with less stiff-necked flowers. Try and make a ten-inch Doazon on a foot and a half stem decorate in a vase. For this very reason the dahlia is shown by the bloom alone on moss in exhibitions and the lighter, fluffier peony type has become so popular. Returning to Encore, fifty blooms of it can be arranged, really arranged, in a vase giving both color and form.

As to color for the florist it must be one that livens up under artificial light. Yellows are lost, as are dark reds, but light reds and pinks and the oranges, of which there are so many, are good.

This article has run on to an indecent length; that is why the last paragraph stopped rather abruptly, but in conclusion, to show the faith that is in me, the only seed I have saved this year to try next season is that from Encore for I would love its form and habit in other colors and so would you.

The following have signified their intention of joining the dahlia club to grow blooms for the show of 1918.

W. H. C. Lawrence.

F. C. Arter.

Plant some California Wild Flower Seed this month.

The Joy of Labor

I AM just a laborer; my place is on the ground, out of doors. But I love my work. When I lay down my weary head to rest at night, pictures steal into my mind of bright sunshine, the smell of the soft, warm earth, the songs of the birds.

And I feel so happy, and my deliciously tired body falls into a sweet dreamless sleep.

Does it matter that I cannot scan Greek verbs, or square the circle, or exhaust the complex phantasmagoria of mental stunts that men are mad to do and teach their children, the adoration of dollar-success, the struggle with ambition, the pursuit of desire, the high carnival of selfishness I see idealized all about me?

Ah, No; I am happy with my birds, and my sunshine, and my warm, soft-smelling earth, for in them I feel a Presence that is joy, and hope, and life. Yes, my God, your God, the God of life, of all life, the God even of those darkened sons who seek Him in degenerate use of His divine love, that is the Presence I feel.

Oh! I love the great out-of-doors, and even the weight of my heavy labors is a joy to me, just because in toil do I touch the garment of my God, and while I work He sings to me through the throat of His birds, caresses me with His breezes, and warms me with the sunlight of His radiant face, and I am filled with His divine rewards. And I am content.

PARTHE.

Plant California Wildflower Seed

Joining the Dahlia Club

By F. C. Arter

I HAVE been deeply moved by the almost pathetic appeal of our Editor for a more concerted action among the dahlia lovers and growers for a more extensive display at the annual dahlia shows. The recent show of dahlias was splendid, so far as it went, which was hardly more than a predominating feature of a beautifully arranged and conducted flower show, such as the San Diego Floral Association usually "pulls off," but surely the dahlia display did not reflect the extent of this community's interest in the flower.

After all that Mr. Alfred Dahlia Robinson has said, written and done to create a widespread interest in this popular flower, it must be a bit discouraging to him, and I think he was perfectly justifiable in calling us down, or ripping us up, for our remissness. The club idea may solve the problem, but it will take a veritable T. R. to wield it effectively.

For my own part I am resolved to do my 'bit" and as an earnest of my inner resolve I do hereby publicly promise that should I retain my present state of health and enthusiasm I will go the limit of my ability to grow some prize dahlias and to exhibit the same and not content myself, as heretofore with spending my energy "enthusing over other folks' dahlias." I shall be governed by the expert council of our dahlia authority as to how, **when** and where to plant. I shall cultivate assiduously, giving them "generous helpings of elbow-grease, bone-meal, and copious draughts of aqua-pura, regardless of financial consequences. You will observe I have emphasized the word "when". It has always seemed to me that since we have such an unlimited season for growing things and so many of us such a limited space to operate in, there should be some concerted action as to time, at least. If we are going to "enter the lists", let us "toe the mark" and be "good sports".

Of course the fulfillment of my pledge is contingent upon outside pressure. If Mr. Hoover shows an unreasonable insistence upon my going to the bean trenches for another crop of beans, the dahlia show may suffer in consequence. I shall, however, claim exemption on the grounds of over-production, as I think that Sis and I have quite enough dry beans on hand to carry us over to the fall crop of 1919. Science and common sense tell us that we are largely what we feed upon, mentally, morally and physically, hence it stands to reason that if we would amount to a "hill o' beans" we must eat beans, beans and more beans.

Casting a retrospective glance over the waning summer's gardening operations we may now count a few successes, perhaps many half realized hopes, some total failures. Some due to our own ignorance, or carelessness, others to this and that cause over which we seem to have no control. When we shall have had a short surcease from our labors, when the green gets back in the hills and valleys, when the mocking-birds, the larks and all the songsters again take up their love songs, when Old Dock Time shall have healed all our little sorrows and disappointments, then we shall be ready for another campaign in our gardens.

May I extend a brotherly hand across the seas to our friend, Mr. W. C. King, of England, a Garden friend and evidently a garden enthusiast, as his letters would indicate.

While Mr. King, as it seems to us, is right up under the shot and shell of this horrible war dodging bombs and writing cheery letters telling of his efforts at raising food instead of flowers, it seems to strike a sympathetic response over here, for we, too, down here in the furthermost tip of these good old U. S. A. are giving up some of our precious flower space to the more prosaic products of the soil that we may help our Sammies and their comrades at arms—the Tommies and the Poillus—to a full dinner pail. Perhaps some of us are eating rather more cornbread and less Sirloin than our vitiated appetites call for, yet we are thriving upon it. Our skies are beautifully clear, blue and calm, with nothing more ominous to our safety than the friendly airplaine that sings and scintillates over head, which might "go dead" and drop down upon us.

Plant
California Wildflower Seed
this month

The Lath House

By A. D. Robinson

TODAY the frogs in my lathhouse are prophesying rain, in spite of the fact that the sky is cloudless and the sun as hot as it has been any time during the year. In other ways I am reminded of the coming of the wet season. The polypodiums which have been dormant all summer are uncurling new fronds and again I am moved to wonder what is their barometer and why they don't make any growth in spite of constant moisture, before this their appointed season. Then as I worked among some small ferns a yellow leaf fluttered down on my hand and looking up I saw the wisteria had begun to yellow. Surely I cannot begrudge a resting spell to the things in the lathhouse for they have done extra well this year; still, while they rest others may work and so I am considering cinerarias, particularly if I can get them in color, the blues especially. Perhaps the local plant purveyors may have them on sale. Primulas are already in the ground; that is, some of them.

In planting in the lathhouse at this season it is necessary to remember that it is always in the shade and constructed to conserve moisture and so far is built mainly for the summer and hot season. The California Garden has often advocated a removable canvas roof for a portion of the lathhouse. Such a one could well be on a big roller. Now we are considering the wet, cold time and all plantings should be decidedly thin. Cinerarias make large plants and will not do well in the lathhouse crowded. Eighteen inches apart is none too much room. Then slugs love cinerarias and nothing will convince them that these plants are cultivated for anything but their delight, but they won't cross dry airslacked lime and of late I have heard that Hammond's Slug Shot is an effective discourager. The Stellata variety is the small, fine-petalled, star-shaped bloom of which the Park had some lovely blues last year.

This is a dangerous season and one when much harm occurs in lathhouses because owners assuming the Fall is here relax vigilance in watering. Especially is this the case with potted things and hanging baskets. It is frankly acknowledged that this has been said many times, perhaps even last month, nevertheless it is a safe bet that the hot week in October caught and severely injured if not killed many a plant. Unless a real rain, two inches or so, comes, watering must be attended in the lathhouse, regulated according to the amount and quality of the sunshine and wind, and even with lots of rain there will be many potted things that won't get a drop into the soil because the foliage of the plant sheds it all.

In large lathhouses there is frequently a call for a pedestal or some underpinning for a large specimen potted or boxed plant. Nothing for this purpose better harmonises with the general scheme than the butt of a big tree with a portion of the roots left on to act as stays, and these are not hard to obtain because they are hard to split and frequently are left behind where stove wood has been chopped up and carted off. Having suggested the pedestal it may be in order to talk of the box, for boxes are much better than pots in this climate, and made of redwood last almost indefinitely. A very pleasing shape is an octagon with a slight flare and a rim of picture moulding gives both a right finish and a good hand hold to move. Another tip is to make the bottom some six or eight inches larger all round, which gives a shelf on which to put small pots. You are not going to be rushed with work in the lathhouse for the next few months, so get to considering it. Now is the time to introduce new features, perhaps a pool, and I am going to have one some day, quite round with a rim almost level to the ground and painted a dead black, then I want in it one great, big, glorious, deep red goldfish, who will understand the significance of the picture and will poise motionless in the middle for a spell, then leisurely move with ever so little flirt of his tail; perhaps a mound, and if this, remember that it must be a series of pockets to catch water and not a smooth hillock shedding moisture like the roof of a house, or perhaps only a change in paths. Never forget that border space is what you want.

Friends have asked how Tupie C (Tupidanthus Caliptratus) liked having his head cut off. Well he hardly knew what to make of the gentle hint, so he sprouted freely at the top and more modestly right at the bottom and dropped everything off his trunk between and I fancy him saying as I pass, "Take your choice, you are hardly likely to cut my head off again and leave a bare pole, and you certainly cannot cut off my feet," and strictly in confidence T. C. has the best of the argument. He is a mighty funny looking fellow, but I have to leave him alone.

Can for home use in glass containers, as tin cans may be scarce

Plant some California Wild Flower Seed this month.

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD

IT is a long time since I have been in our mountains, and now I am there just as everybody else has gone home, and it is not that I do not love my kind that I find this aloneness pleasant. (I had almost written lonesomeness, which would have been incorrect). I am in a big liveoak grove and after a week of solid hot sunshine even the green leaves have curled and they rustle in a gustful wind that has sprung up and seems in a hurry to bring its message from the desert. On its breath are borne dead leaves little twigs and all the flotsam and jetsam that form its burden before the rains come. Some way this wind has a peculiar individuality; it is not merely a movement of air, it is fraught with a message of importance. As I sit with listening ear it puts an arm round my neck and whispers, "the summer is nearly over, behind me the storm clouds gather and on the thirsty land will soon drop their wetness, I am the aerial John the Baptist; a voice from the wilderness crying, 'prepare ye for the winter.' "

All the accustomed chatter of the grove has hushed to listen to the wind. That noisy fellow, the woodpecker, with his redtopped hammer, sits silent on a branch or clings like a knot beneath and meditates on food conservation. The acorns are not sufficiently ripe to be canned, so he must take it out in good intentions, which with him are mighty serious for he has not tapped all the morning. I am glad for the wind, it has a quality of purity, all dross and human excretions have been purged in the desert fire and the mountain peaks have toned that fiery breath to a warm embrace. It has no relationship to the wind that blows steadily, inexorably straight at one. It curls and twists as if to gather things into its curving arms and stops altogether for a while to see if it is being understood. I suppose if I were wise enough or simple enough, often the same thing, I could read all the wind's story in many chapters. Not the story of the weather bureau with its highs and lows and atmospheric curves, but a stirring tale of the lands through which it passed. At such a thought I have a nausea for my humanity which can only sense the bare fact that the wind says I warn you of the passing of summer; and there sits the woodpecker and cocks his shining eye and takes it all in; gets news from his relatives in distant forests, learns the outlook for the acorn crop and hears of the downfall at last of the big tree that fathered a forest of stalwart giants.

The wind seems to take its message to the tree tops as if trees wore their ears up in their heads like we do. Up there is a constant stream of conversation while down below only now and then does it rise above a whisper. At this moment a low gust passed making my loose paper ends fairly talk and the dry leaves scurried by rolling on prickly edge like words in a long sentence specially emphasized. I am intolerant of the prevailing breeze when it mixes in my subliterary efforts, but this one is different, it holds my thoughts pleasantly, it says winter follows autumn as autumn followed summer and there will be the spring and the round will go on. There is a pleasing change coupled with a beautiful permanency. Fill your place in the scheme and leave the event to the gods.

And what are the big trees saying to the wind, for plainly this is no monologue. Their voices sound content perhaps with a touch of relief. Many of them have had this message for over a century, may be over two, and yet I am confident they are not replying, "Oh this is an old story, give us something new." It sounds like, "We greet you, welcome messenger; the summer has been hot and we have looked for your coming. Pass on to our younger brethren the chapparral on the hot hill slopes, we would not delay you for their sake.

And where are the dry leaves going? Surely there is purpose in their hurried rush across bare spots, circling around obstructions and gathering in the lea of rock or shrubbery. I like to believe, while the wind plays these fantasies in my brain, that they also are consciously playing the game, the big one of the recurring seasons and are collecting in piles so that when the rain comes they can the better start the transition to mould and be mother earth giving birth to and supporting a myriad of little things and perhaps a baby oak setting forth on is long journey to treedom.

I would like to set out on the back track of the wind and try to locate the mail boxes on the route where it dropped its messages. Some would be on trees, others on rocks and doubtless a few in gorges, where the wind could whistle its message. I have asked a dweller in these mountains how far back he thought the wind blew, and he said "to the edge of the desert; I don't think it is blowing on the desert." If this be so I could in twenty-five miles find the baby wind in the Lagunas, but surely the message comes from further away. Perhaps the desert transports

it on heat waves, droning it out to the horntoad and rattlesnake, and it would hardly be relayed to an infant, so that the wind lusty and strong must be held in leash awaiting the signal to start.

"Oh ye winds that blow over the ocean, ye winds that blow over the sea, bring back, oh bring back, bring back my bonnie to me."

Yes, bring back to me my bonnie child-time; the time when the wind was so much more than a current of air; the time when my note was in harmony with the orchestra of nature; the time when there were "sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

Swat the Rat

At this time when foodstuffs are so precious and every stroke of human labor should be made to count, watch out for the rat or mouse, and do your share towards exterminating these pests.

Here are a few items on rats, taken from a recent number of "The National Geographic Magazine":

"While people are often painfully aware of individual losses, they are unaware of the vast total which these individual sums aggregate.

"Taking the average yearly returns on a man's labor in agriculture, as shown by the census of 1910, it requires the continuous work of about 150,000 men, with farms, agricultural implements, and other equipment, to supply the foodstuffs destroyed annually by rats in the United States. In addition, rats destroy other property, mainly of agricultural origin, the production of which requires the work of about 50,000 men.

"A commission merchant in Washington stored 100 dozen eggs in a covered wooden tub in his warehouse and at the end of two weeks discovered that the rats had made a hole in the side of the tub near the cover and had carried away more than 70 dozen eggs without leaving any shells or other sign that a single egg had been broken.

"The ready adaptability of rats to their surroundings is one of the qualities which has enabled them to conquer the world. On the approach of warm weather in summer large numbers of them leave buildings and resort to fields on farms, or to the outskirts of the towns, where the growing vegetation, particularly cultivated plants, affords them an abundant food supply until the approach of winter. At the beginning of cold weather they return again to the shelter of buildings, where they find the harvested crops ready for their consumption.

"A steamer on a 29-day voyage from India to Antwerp had 44,000 out of 46,000 sacks of grain cut open, entailing an estimated loss of $2,200.

"The extent to which rats wander from centers of abundance was well illustrated in New Orleans by experiments of our Public Health Service. One hundred and seventy-nine marked rats were released at a point in the residential part of the city. In less than 60 hours one of the marked rats was captured in a trap about a mile from the point where it was liberated, and within two weeks others were taken at various points in a direct line up to a distance of four miles."

Cities all over the world are endeavoring to rid themselves of these pests and so conserve the wasted food and effort.

Here's a good excuse for cleaning up that littered back yard, barn or shed. If you can't get out and fight for your country, at least try to SWAT THE RAT!

C. D. BOWER.

Conservation Suggestions

The person who wastes food during the war time is helping the enemy.

Keep the hens in laying trim. Their "shells" are valuable food ammunition.

Modern warfare consists of united, co-ordinated effort on the part of entire nations. If the present war teaches Americans to cooperate it will not have been entirely wasteful.

"Eat less candy. The Allies need the sugar," says the Food Administration. "All right," our patriotic farm boys and girls are saying, "nuts and popcorn are better anyway."

Farm boys should lay in plenty of nuts and popcorn. It's going to be patriotic to eat it instead of candy this winter.

Plant some California Wild Flower Seed this month.

The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch

A FEW days ago we were all congratulating ourselves and thinking we were sure of nice early rains, when lo and behold instead of grateful moisture we have had a most uncommonly long siege of dry, hot winds and sun, accompanied by cold nights without a particle of dampness in the air. The combination has been hard on plant life in general, particuarly young growth, in both flowers and vegetables, and calls for careful wetting of the soil, and fine cultivation afterwards. However, November can be a fairly busy month in the vegetable garden if we wish to do it justice, and have the quite long list of appetizing vegetables we may have. Presuming that you have started all the hardier vegetables for your winter garden a month or two ago, it is good policy this month to put in another planting of such things as peas, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, turnips and beets, and if your location is high and warm, a few more potatoes and Canadian Wonder Beans. November is a good month to set out your strawberry plants, they should be planted from 8 to 10 inches apart in rows about 2 feet apart, in rich, well-worked soil.

At this writing the bulb supply proposition is not by any means solved. The outlook is that imported Dutch bulbs will be late in arriving and a small supply at that. However, there is quite a supply raised here in Southern California, and once the seedsmen find they are not going to get their foreign orders filled they will draw on the available supply in this country, and there will probably be enough to go round.

Consequently do not neglect to prepare your ground for bulbs, don't forget the deep spading, fertilizing and mixing of sand in ground that is heavy and sticky, also the sprinkling of lime, finishing all up with a mulch of well rotted manure to keep the ground cool and moist and help feed the bulb during its growth.

It is very encouraging to think of the splendid opportunity there is going to be around San Diego and vicinity for the average rancher and gardener, by reason of the free market already established at Camp Kearny. It is the only real encouragement our gardeners have ever had to get in and to do things, and it certainly looks good.

With about twelve thousand men at Kearny now, and probably twice that number inside of thirty days, and a possibility of a good many thousands more in the near future; add to this the naval training station and military camp at the Park, as well as other possibilities in other directions, and it looks as though we can double up the gardening area around San Diego at the present time. "Turn about is fair play" and it is certainly time that the average San Diego gardener got his innings at least, and it is going to be some innings!!

November is a good month to clean up your shrubs and trees. Go over them carefully with your pruning shears and cut out dead wood and limbs that are superfluous or spoil the general effect of the tree, and clean up scale or any insects that may be preying on it. Dig carefully round base of tree or shrub and for some distance around it. This will give the air a chance to penetrate the soil and the winter moisture will soak in and be of benefit later on.

For those who wish to propagate plants for winter or spring planting, the present is a good time to make your cold frame, or more correctly speaking, "hot bed", as it is really used to produce heat, and so start seeds that either would not do at all in the open or be too slow.

Dig a pit a foot or more deep and at the surface of the ground surround it with a box higher on the north side, and sloping to within six inches of the ground on the south side. Put a layer of fresh horse manure about a foot in depth and cover this with six inches of good soil. Have a movable top of either cloth or window sash, so that you can cover it at night and manipulate it during the day to suit weather conditions. It would be a good plan to have part of the bed covered by window sash if you want to raise any of the more delicate vegetables or flower seeds; burlap or other covering will do very well for the hardier plants. Extra covering at night may be necessary in case of frost. To be successful with a hot bed it needs care and judgment regarding temperature, watering, draughts, etc., but it is very interesting work and a splendid way to be self supplying in most of the requisites for the vegetable and flower garden.

Can! Summer investment of time and money, small; winter returns in food and health, large.

Establish a home canning firm, "Father, Mother and Co."---don't forget the little "co's."

Let empty cans and jars wait for fruit. Don't try to make fruit wait long for containers.

Plant some California Wild Flower Seed this month.

The Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews

ALMOST everything in the way of hardy shrubs and vines can be put in the ground now. Not much top growth will come now, but the roots will become well established by the time the heavy rains are here, that is if the hole for the roots was dug to a good depth and the water allowed to soak in in quantity. After the rains commence the tops will show the advantage of this treatment. At this season, also, the garden can be given a general cleaning up. Long, straggling vines should be lightly trimmed and securely fastened up. This is, I believe, considered the most favorable time to transplant the California poppy. Move the small plants with a large ball of earth. Not everyone succeeds in lifting this plant. In some spots it will not take hold, while in other places it grows like a weed.

Cuttings of pelargoniums and geraniums can be put in now, likewise carnation slips. A sandy location on the north side is a good place. Annuals and perennials which are in boxes should be in this month. Have your ground well dug and enriched and thoroughly moistened. A good start is half the battle in growing these things. Stocks, for instance, should never receive a check from the time they are put in the ground till the blooms mature.

Larkspur, sweet alyssum, shirley poppies, mignonette and a host of others should be in in time to get the benefit of the first rains. Make up your pansy bed now. Have the soil mellow and rich and do not let it bake. Pansy seeds can still be sown. Plant plenty of sweetpeas this month in deep well-worked soil. Let the roots get down into cool, moist earth. A sweetpea show and society would not be bad in San Diego, along with the dahlias and 'mums, which are proposed. They take a certain amount of care and time to be sure, but where they are well grown they give an immense amount of bloom and no flower is more popular with the general public.

Bulbs bid fair to be late this season; that is, those which are shipped in, still you can have your ground ready and they can go in during this month and next with very good results. We ought all of us to observe what kinds give best blooms and increase more rapidly with us, and give them encouragement. Southern California may e're long become one of the great bulb growing sections of the country. Nowhere, outside of their native haunts, do the agapanthus, amaryllis, balladonna, freesias, oxalis, the snowflake, and many others, increase as rapidly and give bloom each season, as they do in this locality, and with a little extra care I think the Spanish iris could be left in the ground and multiply rapidly and should prove quite an asset. They are a favorite florist's flower, as well as popular in the home garden. The ranunculus is another that will live through and increase its roots. Anemones have been known to selfsow in San Diego.

All in all, November is a busy month in the garden, what with our seed planting, our bulbs, the cleaning up, the enriching the soil, making of new beds and borders and doing over the old, there will be very little time to sit down and mourn over last year's failures.

Thanksgiving Offering for the French

Once a generous hearted Frenchman came to the aid of the American colonies, and at Yorktown the French soldiers out-numbered the Americans. Today the land of Lafayette is asking of America 100,000 tons of sugar to relieve her distress. We can but share our abundance with our allies of yesterday and today.

Americans consume sugar at the rate of seven and a half pounds a month per person. The French have been on an allowance of less than two pounds a month, and must soon go without any unless we can help. We have enough to carry us at our present rate of consumption until the first of the year, when the new crop comes from Cuba. The French shortage will occur during the months of November and December.

Can we cut our customary allowance one-third and share with those who will otherwise have none of this human necessity? Can you lead a neighborhood sugar-saving movement? Organize the neighborhood into a sugar-saving circle and run a tally bulletin of the number of pounds saved. Get the help of the schools, churches and societies.

Less candy, less sweet drinks, less sugar on oatmeal, less cake and pie for the next two months—then we can make a worthy Thanksgiving offering from America to the people of Lafayette.

C. C. Morse & Co., of San Francisco, last week shipped seven carloads of vegetable seeds to New York for reshipment to France and England. The entire shipment went by express in order to make connections with certain steamers.—Florists' Review, 9-27-17.

Wanderings

By Guy L. Fleming

(Continued)

The upper end of the gorge terminated in a broken wall of rock over a hundred feet in height and up this we climbed. Some of the rocks were as large as a good sized house and contained shell fossils. These bits of sea-shore we knew to be "drift", that somewhere above us we would find the original "field". Other rocks were so covered with a lime deposit as to appear white-washed.

Gaining the top of the wall we found that the canyon continued up the mountain. We followed along a quartz ledge, then across a bed of silt that in the years of processing had become as hard as flint. Wherever enough soil had accumulated ocotilla, and brilliantly flowered cactus, found an existence. In some of the more favored soil spots other desert vegetation was added to the collection.

As we climbed higher the canyon became a maze of great rocks. And at its head we found the formation for which we were looking. A hard sandstone, much like that seen near the ocean at many points, in which was imbedded a great variety of fossil sea life. Oysters there were ten inches in length, whose upper valves were two inches in thickness; "sea-biscuit" as large as a big bun, and marked like the "sand-dollars" we know, (this species of animal-life is found in the living state among the marine fauna of the Bahamas); and there were various kinds of clams and other interesting shells. We were very busy for a time "finding things". Then we compared collections and laid aside all but the very best specimens; these were divided and "hefted", for we had cached some other "rock" down the trail, so had to watch our pack.

The four miles back to camp were covered in better time than the up climb, but our packs certainly gained considerably in weight. We were mighty glad to slip out of them and sit down to the good dinner Steve had ready for us.

After dinner we went over onto the south side of the mountain and down near the desert floor, where we located a drift-bed of "brain coral", so called because of the shape of the clusters. We found fossils of three species of this type of coral, one that is now extinct and the ancesters of two kinds that are now living in the Gulf of Mexico.

Years ago, geologists tell us, the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans were connected by a strait where the Isthmus of Tehuantepec was later formed. At that time the marine vegetable and animal life was the same on these southern coasts; but a slight shiver on the part of the earth threw up new mountains, made shallow the sea on this coast, changed the warm currents, and so altered conditions that nearly all the sea life was exterminated. The fossil remains found give proof that this change came about suddenly.

Getting back to camp we carefully packed all of our treasures and made ready for an early start next morning. And the morning found us well out of the desert and headed up the Mountain Springs grade.

At one point on the grade we saw what at first seemed a shrub almost hidden by a wealth of scarlet flowers; closer acquaintance showed it to be a cat-claw acacia loaded down with mistletoe in fruit. This form of mistletoe is leafless and selects as its hosts the acacia, mesquite, and other allied desert shrubs. The insignificant flowers are very fragrant, the fruit, in all the specimens I had collected, a rose-pink and the clusters small. But in this find the berries were a fine red and the clusters large and full.

On we went. Many interesting things slipped by as we rolled along. I had to console myself with the thought that, some other time I would do that country in a buckboard with a pair of burros as the means of locomotion, or in some fashion that would keep the landscape from tangling as it does when seen from an automobile.

A short stop was made at noon to overcome those hunger pangs that are always so keen about midday when traveling in the mountains. We all felt a bit of regret in the knowledge that our wanderings were nearly over and that this would be our last meal in the open for some time.

Along the Cottonwood grade the rocks and shrubs were decorated with festoons of the California pea, Lathyrus splendens, whose flowers were equal in size to any sweetpea. In the valley we saw the blue pentstemon, Pentstemon spectabilis. This is one of our finest wildflowers. Each plant has many spires, as tall as a man, and on each spire is hung a great number of bell-like flowers, in color "the richest combination of blue and royal purple". Here, too, we saw the "Thistle Sage", Salvia carduacea, a thistle-like plant with pale lavender flowers.

It seemed but a little while until we were back again into the cultivated section, and soon we were in the Park unloading our spoils at the Natural History Museum.. Our outing was at an end, but we still have with us memories of four days filled with things

of wonderful interest, and most pleasant companionship.

THE END

N. B. While these wanderings were accomplished in four days running-time, they have been several months getting through the press. Drawn out as they have been, it is the hope of the writer that they have aroused a desire in some of the readers to see more of our wonderful county, for we were within the limits of this county, practically all of the time. Furthermore what we saw was little compared to what we had to leave undiscovered. Historically, geologically, and botanically, San Diego County is probably the most interesting of any county in the United States.

October Outdoor Meeting

THE out-of-doors meeting on October 2nd, with Mrs. Mary Greer and two of her neighbors' gardens, was conspicuous for the small attendance, but two visitors were so well pleased that they will become members of the Association. Every one present regretted that more could not have enjoyed the afternoon.

Mrs. Greer's garden is a model of neatness and compactness. Many choice plants are thriving. The window boxes on the east are perfect, including a specimen of Adiantum Croweana that would be hard to duplicate beneath lath or glass.

The two sturdy redwood trees are offsprings of the Santa Cruz forest. The abandoned and unused canyon street on the north, reclaimed into a beauty spot, a mute appeal to any one ready to dump garbage, tins and rubbish upon canyon streets and there are so many about San Diego.

Even the telephone pole on the sidewalk was a thing of beauty, wreathed by a well-trained wire vine.

Miss Hortense Coulter's garden, only two years since the ground was broken for the building, offered many features of interest and profit. The splendid growth, the result of well prepared ground, the arrangement of color from the reds on the north, through yellows, and blues, and lavenders, and whites, to pinks on the south, and an attractive corner of fruit and vegetables. One feature of the garden is the flight of brick steps and the beautiful pair of vases at the foot. The steps are mechanically perfect for ease—4-inch rise and an 18-inch tread sloping ½-inch.

The next garden was the grounds of the Bishop's School, corner Redwood and First, originally planted by our most able Pacific Coast botanists and collectors, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Brandegee, now curators emeritus of the botanical department at the University of California. Only a few of their many plants are alive, but those are thriving and interesting. Conspicuous are the following: Cedrus Atlantica, bearing a cone probably the largest and best specimen in the city.

Lyonothamuns Floribundus, Island Ironwood, two bearing Pistacio nut trees, a huge pink flowering lantana, Thervetia nereifolia of large size, several aloes in variety, agaves, huge opuntias, a Mexican Zapote, a Washingtonia Sonorae, about twenty years from seed that has never been trimmed or mutilated and probably the most perfect specimen in Southern California, a fruiting Cherimoya and a tree from Cape St. Lucas—there locally called Palo Verde—which resembles the Algeroba of Honolulu, a sort of drooping and feathery acacia that will stand unlimited drought; the Parkinsonia aculeata, a native of the Arizona deserts that was so attractive in its grace and beauty of bloom and the golden fallen leaves carpeting the ground beneath its branches, that several of the party were desirous of planting the tree at once; a hedge of Carrisa Arduina is the only one in the city and was much admired; the red flowering Calliandra also from Cape St. Lucas is another plant able to face all kinds of droughts. The palm, Esythea Brandegei, found in the mountains of Cape St. Lucas and described by the German palm specialist, Mr. Purpus, who named it in honor of Mr. Brandegee, its discoverer. Two plants were in the garden, but some ten years ago one was sent the University of California as a type specimen.

These garden trips are certainly both interesting and profitable to all plant lovers and gardeners and are sure to become a more attractive feature for the members of the San Diego Floral Association.

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The California Garden

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Floral Association Meetings

Evening Meetings

November 20—"The Harvest," "Facts of the Garden Campaign." Photos and views. Seed donations for distribution. "Thanksgiv- Decorations," "Late Plantings."

By Winfield Hale.

The October regular meeting of the San Diego Floral Association was held on the evening of October 16, in the Lincoln school building. No business was transacted, the entire evening being given over to the entertainment of a large audience—mainly NOT Floral Association members.

Alfred D. Robinson made a plea for more wild flowers. I, myself, am so very much of a utilitarian that the aesthetic value of wildflowers does not make a great appeal to me. I think I must have been representative of the entire audience, for his talk made me buy a package of California wildflower seeds the very next day.

He pointed out the wonderful development of our flowers under European gardeners, the increased size, the new colors, and most of all the fact that the large majority of their garden flowers are **our** flowers developed. It made me want some when I learned that those wonderful connoisseurs of Europe hold them in such high esteem. Like the man who forgets how nice his own wife is until some other man tries to flirt with her.

It was also interesting to note that Theodore Payne's California wildflower seeds go mainly to Australia, Europe and the Eastern states.

Mr. Harold A. Taylor explained that he had a hobby, color photography, and that he inflicted it upon other people whenever he had a chance, so he "inflicted" it upon us for about an hour and a half. We emerged, after much hand-clapping and many "Ohs and Ahs", very much impressed with this wonderful art of color photography. Certainly the best photo is only one-tenth of a picture when compared to the same scene taken on an autochrome plate.

RAMBLINGS

By H. E. Sies

The experiences that I have had with dahlias and chrysanthemums for the past season have been very interesting and instructive.

I planted dahlias from April to the first of August and watched the results.

The plantings made during the first half of May proved the most satisfactory of them all, so far as rugged growth and continuous blooming were concerned. There was no limit to new growth and bloom right up to the middle of October. The plantings of July and first of August made no new growth outside of the original stocks, making the blooming season very brief and extended only a short period beyond my May plantings. I had the same experience last season, so do not recommend late planting. It is all right for the professional grower, as the tubers mature just as well and saves him a long period of unnecessary labor and expense. As to the leaving of tubers in the ground all winter, soil conditions govern here absolutely. If you have a light, sandy soil where the water goes straight through during our heaviest rains, it will be safe to leave them in during the winter months, but if the soil runs firm to adobe, you will be wise to take them up with all the soil that will stick to them, after the first big rain comes; that is, after the tops are dead and dried up. Otherwise you stand a first-class chance of losing them. Put the clumps away in some out of the way place, protected from the wind and sun, under a bush or a palm. It is a good idea to throw a little dirt over them to keep them from drying out. Especially is this so in regard to the finer varieties.

The dahlias have taken so much of my attention this season that the chrysanthemums have not fared as well as usual, though at the present writing some very fine blooms are coming to perfection.

The system of fertilizing dahlias and chrysanthemums is so different, that care has to be used not to over feed the latter, as it will put the plant out of commission for good.

A One-Man Show

Mr. H. E. Sies held a very fine flower show all by himself, recently, in the Boston Store, corner of Fifth and C streets. A great many varieties of dahlias and chrysanthemums were on display and it seemed quite remarkable that one man could make such a wonderful showing. As hundreds of people went through the store to see the flowers particularly, it was undoubtedly a good advertising feature for the Boston Store, and as Mr. Sies had a whole book full of orders for future delivery of plants, it was a good business venture on his part. But aside from the business proposition, the people of San Diego, and the visitors from the outside, had the opportunity of seeing what can be accomplished in raising fine show blooms out-of-doors in San Diego. It is to be hoped that next year many more will be raising dahlias and chrysanthemums, and that we can have a fall show with at least a hundred exhibitors.

Woman's Work

It is the woman of the house who plans what is to be eaten. If she plans well—plans to save the meat, save the wheat, and eat the perishable stuff—the country and the men at the front can be fed.

Is your boy "out there," or is he somewhere in America working for Uncle Sam? If that boy is to be well fed, you must fall in with the plans of the Food Administration. The President asked them to make these plans, and when you work with them, you are working for your country and your boy.

Now, this does not mean starving your own family. The family must be fed and fed well, for when it comes to eating, men folks and boys won't stand for any foolishness. If you ask them to eat less you are wasting your breath. Your job is to teach them to eat differently by putting the something different before them.

Here is the whole idea—save all you can of what can be shipped, eat all you can of what cannot be shipped. Remembering that it is wheat, meat, butter and sugar that are needed by the Allies, plan to feed your family patriotically. A hungry man can eat a pound of meat, half a pound of meat, or a quarter pound of meat, and be satisfied—**it all depends on the trimmings he gets with that meat.**

There lies the woman's job—in the kind of **trimmings** you are going to give him. All of you have heard somebody say, "Well goodness, Ma, what else can I eat? I got to have something." Your part will be to have that something ready—something that is filling and at the same time in line with patriotism. That means hard work and thinking ahead and saving ahead.

Getting the Food Value from Fruits

It is hard to tell an old housekeeper anything new about the use of fruit, nevertheless it is a fact that many a meal lacks the very elements which could be furnished by fruit. In other words fruit has a real food value and should not be looked on as a between-meal filler-in, or merely for preserves.

Hot Apples for Breakfast

The Food Administration suggests a quick and economic way of preparing apples for breakfast. Slice from the core, without peeling them, into a deep baking pan, sprinkling very lightly with sugar, add one-third cup of water (just enough to prevent burning), cover closely and set on top of the stove to steam tender. As soon as done, remove cover, sprinkle with brown sugar and set on top rack in hot oven to crisp over. Serve piping hot.

Apples prepared in almost any fashion, if served hot with meat make an excellent dinner dish. Go lightly, however, with sugar. Too much will spoil the dish and convert it into a dessert. Hot stewed blue damson plums are particularly good with chicken, and hot peaches add a new zest to steak or chops.

Just Hints

The person who wastes food during the war time is helping the enemy.

Food Administration stands for clean mangers as well as clean plates.

Think of the French farmer who is cultivating his fields under shell fire.

The American farmer has a chance to take part in one of the world's greatest battles. It's his wits against the German's.

A Pessimist: The farmer who figures out how much additional gasoline it takes to carry a flag on his tractor or automobile.

"Eat less candy. The Allies need the sugar," says the Food Administration. "All right," our patriotic farm boys and girls are saying, "nuts and popcorn are better anyway."

Plant some California Wild Flower Seed this month.

Keep the hens in laying trim. Their "shells" are valuable food ammunition.

President Appeals to Teachers

From the Committee on Public Information.

The following letter from the President to school officers throughout the Nation is made public:

The White House, August 23, 1917.

To School Officers: The war is bringing to the minds of our people a new appreciation of the problems of national life and a deeper understanding of the meaning and aims of democracy. Matters which heretofore have seemed commonplace and trivial are seen in a truer light. The urgent demand for the production and proper distribution of food and other national resources has made us aware of the close dependence of individual on individual and nation on nation. The effort to keep up social and industrial organizations in spite of the withdrawal of men for the Army has revealed the extent to which modern life has become complex and specialized.

These and other lessons of the war must be learned quickly if we are intelligently and successfully to defend our institutions. When the war is over we must apply the wisdom which we have acquired in purging and ennobling the life of the world.

In these vital tasks of acquiring a broader view of human possibilities the common school must have a large part. I urge that teachers and other school officers increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life.

Such a plea is in no way foreign to the spirit of American public education or of existing practices. Nor is it a plea for a temporary enlargement of the school program appropriate merely to the period of the war. It is a plea for a realization in public education of the new emphasis which the war has given to the ideals of democracy and to the broader conceptions of national life.

In order that there may be definite material at hand with which the schools may at once expand their teaching, I have asked Mr. Hoover and Commissioner Claxton to organize the proper agencies for the preparation and distribution of suitable lessons for the elementary grades and for the high school classes. Lessons thus suggested will serve the double purpose of illustrating in a concrete way what can be undertaken in the schools and of stimulating teachers in all parts of the country to formulate new and appropriate materials drawn directly from the communities in which they live.

Sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

New Yawk Chicken Tawk

SYRACUSE our first prize cock at the New York State Fair is now in a pen neighboring that of VILLA, who was second cock at the same event last year, and during the late warm October days they were overheard conversing through a knothole in the fence. Villa asked, "What is the latest from little old New York?" and Syracuse replied, "Nothing but war, but here is a little story I picked up:

"A pacificist and conscientious objector addressing a gathering among a vast number of other words said these, 'As an American citizen I claim the right to my individual opinion and its sequences.'

"A burglar who was in the audience visited the house of the pacificist that night and was caught annexing the jewelry, he remarked on his arrest, 'As a citizen, etc., etc.,' but the policeman who took him into custody ejaculated, 'Oh, Hell! You come along with me!' and the judge in passing sentence parenthetically injected into his decision, 'The only sane thing I have heard in all the evidence is the remark of the officer of the law.'

"They told me," continued Syracuse, "that half the breeding stock of chickens are now in cold storage and a greater proportion of those in Europe, so it is up to us to supply the deficiency." Whereupon Villa flapped his wings and crowed out, "Bring on your hens!"

Rosecroft has nothing cheap any more. Our stock is better than ever and eggs for hatching will be $10 next spring instead of $5 and the lowest price on birds is $3 for pullets and $10 for males. If you don't want them, Imperial and Arizona does. One went to each last week.

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